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# THE FAIRY BOWER.

NEW YORK  
NAFIS & CORNISH.





F L O R A ' S   G E M ;

O R   T H E

B O O K ,

F O R

A L L   S E A S O N S .

B E A U T I F U L L Y   E M B E L L I S H E D .

E D I T E D   B Y

A L F R E D   A .   P H I L I P S .

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## PREFACE.

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Who is there that loves not flowers? Who is there that can look upon these gems of nature, inhale their fragrance, and not feel his heart expand, and his soul quicken with pleasing emotions? If there be such an one, unbending indeed must be his nature, cold his affections, and we feel inclined to place him among those of whom the immortal bard of Avon has said—having no music in their souls—“are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”

Flowers have ever been emblems of the impulses and feelings of the heart, as well as symbols of the affections, passions and sorrows of the soul. They

“——— are love’s truest language ; they betray  
Like the divining rods of Magi old  
Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold,  
But love—strong love, that never can decay !”

They speak of love in tones more eloquent and winning than the choicest phrases or the roundest periods. Who does not know that the ROSE is the flowers of Venus, the flower of love? Who does not know that when that fragrant, blushing symbol, a ROSE BUD, is placed in the hand of the fair one who has ensnared the heart of the donor, it whispers

“I die for thy sweet love, the ground  
Not panteth for the Summer rain,  
As I for one soft look of thine ?”

The tale of love thus sweetly told, has won the heart it sought; the “layde faire” places the beauteous missive upon her snowy breast, from her garden culls a messenger which blushing tells the enraptured lover, “your sentiments meet with a return,” and a CHINA STAR bears to his delighted gaze the reply of his mistress—

“Yes I am thine ! Upon thy bosom leaning,  
No grief hath power to damp my fervent bliss  
Nor can such love to thee be overweening—  
Thou art deserving all, and more than this !”

It is probable that a distinct language, was first given to flowers by the women of the East, arising doubtless from their strict seclusion and ignorance of writing, combined with a vivid imagination which habitually personifies every object. It is true that by these flowers they can convey only general ideas, such as "I love thee dearly ;" "Thy coldness grieves me ;" "I sympathise in thy distress ;" &c., but their dull unwearied round of life leaves but little else to impart.

The Bouquet which is used as an epistle is called *Selam*.

This language is also local and arbitrary, so that a Bouquet which would be readily interpreted by a Persian maiden, would be unintelligible to a Turkish female. A celebrated traveller thus describes the manner in which a Turkish lady of fashion is wooed by an invisible lover. "In the progress of the courtship, a *Hyacinth* is occasionally dropped in her path by an unknown hand, and the female attendant at the bath does the office of a Mercury, and talks of a certain effendi seeking a lady's love, as a Nightingale aspiring to the affections of a Rose."

All nations and ages have regarded these beauties of nature with pleasure and reverence ; the Romans and Greeks acknowledged a goddess who presided over flowers and blossoms, whose festivals were celebrated with pomp and rejoicings. In more modern days, flowers have been cultivated from a love of the beautiful and a taste for refinement, while at the same time, a vocabulary has been established which ascribes to each class, a sentiment or a moral. The *Dahlia* denotes elegance and dignity ; the *Daisy*, beauty and innocence ; the *Hawthorn*, hope ; the *White Lily*, purity ; the *Lily of the Valley*, the heart withering in secret ; *Mallows*, a sweet disposition ; the *Nightshade*, dark thoughts ; *Orange Flowers*, woman's worth ; the *Peony*, ostentation ; a *Rose Bud*, a confession of love ; the *Tulip*, beautiful eyes ; the *Violet*, faithfulness ; the *Water Lily*, eloquence ; and so to each flower is allotted a distinct signification.

The mind instinctively associates some meaning according to the appearance or fragrance of the flower, forming a natural, but impressive language, which speaks to the heart rather than to the ear. Can any thing more touchingly convey the idea of purity, than the beautiful WHITE LILY ? Look into its snow-white cavity ! inhale its delicious fragrance, and nothing but the sweetest, holiest emotions will be awakened.

" Ask me not why I should love her ;  
Look upon these soul-full eyes !



Look while mirth or feeling move her,  
And see there how sweetly rise  
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,  
Which is of innocence the nest—  
Which, though each joy were from it fled,  
By truth would still be tenanted !”

In gazing upon flowers, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, are furnished with objects of sympathy calculated to awaken the tenderest affections of the heart. To the aged, the glowing colors of the *Amarinth* speak of immortality ; to the young, the *White Pink* exhibits true and pure affection ; to the grave and serious, the *Balm* speaks of social intercourse ; and the *Coreopsis* bids the gay be always cheerful ; so that every disposition and mood finds pleasure and instruction amid the beauties with which Providence has blessed the Earth to delight our eyes and incite us to purity of thought and action.

We have culled from nature’s gay parterre some of her glorious gems, and arranging them by the hand of art, present our “BOUQUET” as an imitation of the beauties with which we are delighted only during a brief season of the year, so that when the chilly blasts of Winter deprive us of their dewy fragrance, we may still gaze with pleasure upon them as in a mirror, and cheat our senses into a dream of their reality.

We have endeavoured to illustrate the flowers we have thus “transferred,” by lessons and precepts instructive and entertaining, and while we have sought the aid of talent and genius of our own day and presented original productions procured expressly for this work, we have also incorporated selections from standard poets, which notwithstanding they have already appeared before the public, we trust will be found to possess a sufficient merit to appear again and be the more highly appreciated when thus illustrated by the hand of art.

“THE BOUQUET” is before you fair reader ; there is many a lesson and many a moral to be found within its pages, and if in it you can find wherewith to cheer an hour of sadness, and rise after a perusal with ennobled and grateful feelings towards a kind Providence, our end has been attained.

A. A. P.

NEW YORK, August 1846.

TO THE LADIES,  
THE FAIREST FLOWERS OF CREATION,  
THIS VOLUME  
ILLUSTRATING THE FLOWERS OF NATURE'S GARDEN,  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THEIR DEVOTED ADMIRER  
THE EDITOR.

# T H E B O U Q U E T .

---

## T H E F A I R Y ' S S E A R C H .

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The fragrant shade of a rose-clad bower  
Was a Fairy's chosen home,  
Where she gaily passed each summer hour  
With never a wish to roam ;  
Her chief delight was to watch with care  
Each beautiful bud unfolding there,  
And to guard, from every blighting spell,  
The blossoms that she loved so well.  
Her presence was a magic charm  
That banished every power of harm ;  
No wandering footstep dare intrude  
To mar that pleasant solitude ;  
No mortal hand could pluck a flower  
That bloomed in that enchanted bower ;  
No evil influence could appear  
While she, the guardian, lingered near.  
But needful, as the breath of Spring

Is to the Violet's blossoming,  
Was her protecting power.

Alas! the Fay,  
One tranquil night, was lured away  
From that sweet home. A merry band  
Of sister Fairies, hand in hand,  
Came dancing to her rosy bower  
And tempted her, in evil hour,  
To hie afar to a silvery stream  
To revel and sport 'neath the moon's bright beam.

'Twas such an eve as Fairies love—  
All cloudless smiled the heaven above,  
And gentle zephyrs wandered by  
With the witching tone of a lover's sigh,  
Or paused awhile, in their wayward flight,  
To kiss some flower of brightest bloom  
Which received the caress in mute delight  
Then paid it back in a breath of perfume.  
The minstrel night-bird's plaintive song  
So sweetly broke o'er dewy plains  
That echo kept the music long  
Then sent it forth in softer strains;  
So calm the sleeping waters lay,  
So true they mirror'd back the glow  
Of sky and moon and starry ray,  
There seem'd another heaven below,  
As pure, as fair, as full of love  
As the blue boundless heaven above.  
And Nature was as perfect, then,  
In that hush'd, holy evening hour,  
And stainless, as she e'er had been  
When first the Great Creative Power

Called all her magic charms to birth  
And made a paradise of Earth.

'Mid scene thus fair, the sportive Fay  
Forgot her treasures far away,  
And lingered late, and listened long  
To pleasure's soft beguiling song,  
Until its witching cadence stole  
Like fascination o'er her soul.  
She woke as dreamers oft-times wake  
From some dear vision of delight,  
When morn's intruding footsteps break  
The airy structures of the night ;  
She woke from rapture's thrilling charm  
To thoughts of care and fears of harm.  
With sad forebodings for her bower,  
Neglected since the twilight hour,  
She left the Fairies magic ring  
And, like a bird on tireless wing,  
Flew fast away—but morning's eye  
Looked brightly o'er the eastern sky  
Ere she regain'd her home. Ah ! then,  
How sadly chang'd appear'd the scene !  
How dark, how desolate and lone,  
Like some deserted garden bound  
Where Autumn winds, in mournful tone,  
Wail o'er the wither'd leaflets strown  
In saddest ruin round.  
Some daring hand had stripp'd the bower  
Of every beauteous bud and flower  
And borne them all away.  
Far off, amid the busy crowd  
Of a throng'd city, now they smil'd,



And pleas'd the happy and the proud,  
Or solaced sorrow's child.

As storm-clouds pass o'er summer skies,  
Dimming their gay and brilliant dies,  
So pass'd the gloomy shade of woe  
Across the Fairy's radiant brow.  
The while she gazed, in mute despair,  
Around the dwelling once so fair ;  
Awhile she mus'd ; awhile she mourn'd  
Upon the wreck and ruin near her ;  
But soon, like dawning light, return'd  
Hope's gentle smile to cheer her.  
And she resolv'd, despite the pain  
Or peril such attempt might cost,  
To roam thro' many a varied scene  
In search of the sweet flowers she'd lost.  
Then, quick as thought, she plum'd her wing  
And, like a rosy cloud of even  
Floating upon the breath of Spring,  
Rose gracefully to the blue Heaven  
And soar'd away. Onward she flew,  
O'er hill and vale and streamlet blue,  
Nor paus'd until she spied afar,  
Soft gleaming thro' the lucid air,  
The city's towers and temples fair.  
With joy she hails the welcome sight  
And, wearied with her rapid flight,  
She gladly gains a lofty tower  
And folds the drooping wing, whose power  
Is for a season lost. With timid mein  
She looks upon the wildering scene  
That meets her eye below.



A motley crowd, a mingled throng  
Moves slowly by, or sweeps along  
Like clouds when wild-winds blow.  
Misfortune's child, with pallid face,  
And wasted form and weary pace,  
Moves on beside the rich and great,  
Whose happier brows and haughtier state  
In mournful contrast shine.

Old age with furrow'd brow, and eye  
Dim with the shadowy mist of Time ;  
Youth, radiant as the cloudless sky  
Of Summer in its prime ;  
And sportive childhood, fresh and gay  
As blossoms in the morning's beam,  
All mingle in that crowded way  
Like beings of a dream.

Long gaz'd the Fay, with wondering eye,  
And half forgot the flowers she sought  
'Til a soft breeze that wander'd by  
Their well known perfume brought :  
And now she sees a radiant throng  
Of youths and maidens sweep along.  
Their forms are deck'd in raiment bright ;  
Their brows are beaming with delight ;  
Their footsteps move to joyous measure ;  
Their hearts are tuned to notes of pleasure—  
So gay their smiles, so pure their mirth,  
They seem not children of the Earth,  
But brighter, happier spirits, come  
From some far-off, celestial home,  
Some realm where rapture reigns supreme  
And life is all one blissful dream.

They dwell, in truth, in such a sphere—  
Youth's fairy land !—Ah, never fear  
Or care or sorrow's hand  
Can touch the dwellers of that clime ;  
Secure in pleasure's spells they stand,  
Defying all save Time !

The gay ones pause beside the church ;  
Each bows a reverent head  
And passes neath the lofty arch  
With slow and solemn tread.  
With folded wing and noiseless pace  
The Fay, too, seeks that worship-place,  
Enters, and marks with mute surprise  
The holy scene that meets her eyes.  
Before the sacred altar stand  
A noble youth and gentle maid ;—  
Eye meeting eye, and hand in hand,  
And truth on either brow displayed,  
They seem, by Heaven, design'd to move  
Together o'er life's rugged way,  
That clouded path which wedded love  
Can render radiant as the day.  
Fair was the bride ;—youth's holy charm  
Lent all its witchery to her form ;  
And beauty's deepest spell was seen  
In down-cast eye and modest mein.  
A graceful robe of stainless white  
Fell round her, as the moon's soft light  
Falls o'er the Earth in cloudless night.  
A floating veil of silvery hue  
Whose folds, her brow look'd lovelier through,  
Hung, like the mist on mountain side,

And heighten'd charms it sought to hide.  
A cluster of white Roses lay  
Upon her bosom's snowy vest,  
And well the graceful things became  
Their beauteous place of rest.

(7)

In truth it was a holy sight  
To see that youthful maiden there,  
With heart so fond and hopes so bright,  
With form and soul alike so fair,  
Breathing in accents, firm though low,  
Affection's sweetest, holiest vow.  
Ah! wedlock is a hallow'd ray  
That cheers us on our pilgrim way ;  
That adds to bliss a brighter beam  
And softens even sorrow's dream.  
That sacred fetter of the heart  
Is dear in Hymen's early hours,  
When Earth still wears its Eden-light  
And life is yet a feast of flowers ;  
But better, loftier, holier far  
Is the fond tie in later years,  
When it becomes the changeless star  
That guides us thro' "a vale of tears."  
Then, like the rain-bow's brilliant dye's,  
It brightens e'en the stormiest skies.

The vows are said ; the twain are one ;  
The bridal band has turn'd away ;—  
Like some bright dream, when sleep is gone,  
Fades now the vision gay.  
The Fairy, who, with tearful eye,  
Had mark'd the solemn rite,

Turns from the scene, with gentle sigh,  
 Thus musing on the flow'rets bright  
 That deck'd the beautiful bride ;  
 " So lovingly they seem'd to rest  
 " Upon her fair and sinless breast,  
 " I could not take them thence—ah ! there,  
 " More bright than in my bower they were ;  
 " Methought they look'd as born to grace  
 " Her radiant form and blooming face—  
 " The gentle sunlight of her eye  
 " Beam'd o'er them like the genial sky  
 " And seem'd their native ray ;  
 " Her balmy sighs play'd round their leaves,  
 " As, in the hush of summer eves,  
 " The whispering south winds play ;  
 " And from her glowing cheek they won  
 " A hue, like that the setting Sun  
 " Sheds o'er the smiling Earth :—  
 " 'Twas well to deck that lovely bride  
 " With my sweet flowers ; for thus allied  
 " To beauty, purity and worth,  
 " They seem'd, indeed, like gifts divine,  
 " Plac'd on a fair and fitting shrine  
 " As offerings to Heaven."

The musing Fay  
 Now plum'd her wing and soar'd away.  
 As on she flew, hope's witching strain  
 Awakened pleasant thoughts again,  
 And bade her seek in other scenes  
 The treasures of her bower,  
 She paus'd within a narrow street  
 Where day's bright smile but faintly fell ;  
 Where Heaven's pure air could rarely greet



The pallid beings doom'd to dwell  
Within the gloomy bound.—Ah! they  
Who gladly hail each new-born day  
From some sweet home on hill or plain,  
Who rove at will by pleasant streams,  
Know little of the weary pain,  
The moody thoughts and feverish dreams  
Of those whose artificial life  
Is pass'd 'mid busy care and strife ;  
Who toil, from murky morn to night,  
In darken'd shops or gloomy lanes,  
Scarce knowing whether Summer's light  
Or Winter's darkness reigns.  
They ne'er can feel the pulse and heart  
To rapture's thrilling measure start  
In Nature's genial hours ;  
They ne'er can feel Spring's balmy air  
Float round them, with its perfume rare  
And joy-bestowing powers ;  
To them the ever-varying year,  
With all its changes that beguile,  
Presents one aspect dull and drear,  
One face without a smile.

The wandering Fairy staid her flight  
Near a low dwelling—with a light  
And noiseless tread she trac'd her way  
O'er creaking step, and passage grey  
With the dark hues of Time.  
She gain'd at length a humble room  
Whose cheerless air of sombre gloom  
Might well befit the lonely cell  
Where world-forgetting hermits dwell ;

There, gazing timidly around,  
The objects of her search she found ;  
And o'er them bendeth one whose brow  
Wears the high impress stamp'd by thought,  
Whose eye is kindled by the glow  
From the pure flame of genius caught.  
With looks that rapturous feelings tell  
He gazes on the flowers before him ;  
They seem, like some magician's spell,  
To bid enchantment hover o'er him.  
And mark, as oft aside he turns  
To trace his thoughts upon the page,  
With holier light his dark eye burns  
And loftier dreams his soul engage.  
Doth not the pale brow'd student find,  
In those fair, fragrant things,  
A hidden charm that wakes his mind  
To glorious imaginings ?  
He is an ardent worshipper  
At Nature's sacred shrine,  
But kept, by adverse fortune, far  
From all her works divine,  
His spirit pines like prison'd bird,  
'Til wishes wild and vain are stirr'd  
Within his restless mind.  
He longs to be away, away,  
By lofty mount or verdant plain,  
And feel the breath of Heaven play  
Fresh o'er his fever'd brain ;  
He longs to catch a living beam  
From Nature's radiant eye  
To light his soul's poetic dream  
With inspiration high !



With inspiration high !  
But ah he vainly longs for this—  
Not his the lot, not his the bliss  
To dwell where he might rove at will  
By murmuring stream or mossy hill,  
And feel their charms his spirit thrill  
With thought's sublimest strains.  
And, thus, denied the lot he loves,  
He feels as exil'd from his home  
And cherishes the lowliest thing  
That can a shadowy picture bring  
Of the beloved and beauteous scenes  
He visits only in his dreams.  
Thus flowers, to him, are like the chime  
Of his own native melodies  
To wanderer in a foreign clime ;  
They image to his soul the light  
Of lovely scenes afar  
As truly as the tranquil lake  
Reflects the twilight Star.  
Tho' voiceless, for his ear they have  
A language all their own,  
And, as the shell from ocean's cave  
Still murmurs in melodious tone  
Of its far distant home,  
So, eloquently whisper they  
Of their bright birth-place far away.  
No marvel then the poet loves  
These " children of the Sun and shower,"  
No marvel then their presence moves  
His spirit with resistless power.

The Fairy mark'd the holy flame

That kindled in the poet's eye,  
And felt she scarce could wish to claim  
Her flowers from such a destiny.  
“Forever must my bower remain  
“Without a Rose to blossom near  
“E'er I can deck it o'er again  
“With treasures gather'd here.  
“No! let the minstrel's ardent gaze  
“Beam on their beauties long,  
“Though lowly, they have power to raise  
“High thoughts for tuneful song;  
“And though so perishable, still  
“They may inspire a lay  
“Whose melody the world shall thrill  
“'Til Time's remotest day!  
“Then let the priest of Nature keep  
“Her offspring fair—for it is meet  
“Their incense breath should round him float  
“And mingle with the anthems sweet  
“That, from his soul's pure altar rise,  
“Like grateful offerings to the skies!”

And musing thus the Fairy flew  
From the Bard's dwelling, to renew  
Her fond pursuit. With wondering air  
She paus'd beside a mansion fair.  
As palaces in sunny lands  
That stately home was bright  
With the rich treasures wealth commands  
And gems that taste and art delight  
To lavish on their shrine.  
It seem'd that pleasure's thrilling song  
Might ever echo round those walls

And hope and peace and joy belong  
To all who trod those halls ;  
But ah ! no mortal home is free  
From care's intrusive form ;  
And never human heart can be  
Exempt from sorrow's storm.  
Within a large and lofty room  
Where mocking splendor's smil'd,  
A mother sat in grief and gloom  
And sorrow'd o'er her child :—  
Not o'er her child—but o'er the clay  
That, when the yester-morn had birth,  
Enshrin'd a “ gem of purest ray,”  
A pearl of priceless worth.  
A Mighty Power hath claim'd the gem,  
With purpose good and wise,  
And set it in a diadem  
Whose light illumines the skies.  
The mother knows her pearl will shine  
Far brighter in its home above,  
Yet must her spirit long repine  
For that which woke its fondest love.  
The rifled casket still is dear  
Although its light is fled,  
And mourning love *must* drop a tear  
Above the early dead.  
With eyes that rain like Summer showers,  
With trembling hand and anguish'd face,  
The mother now, with clustering flowers  
Bedeck's her child's last dwelling place.  
Ah, see how fair his pallid brow  
Looks in that rosy garland now !  
And mark what life-like hue is caught

By voiceless lip, and moveless cheek,  
As if again the spirit wrought  
Within its temple, and would speak  
Some sweet and pleasant thought !  
'Tis strange how much of life and light  
And beauty those fresh flow'rets give ;  
They make the clay-cold features bright  
And whisper that the lost doth live !  
So fair the dear deception grows  
That the pale mother's bosom glows  
With a faint feeling, almost joy,  
While gazing on her beauteous boy.  
More hopeful now her watch she keeps,  
More calmly views his lingering smile  
Which seems to say he only sleeps,  
Sleeps calm and dreams of Heaven the while !

“ Aye, strew them o'er the silent head  
“ And lay them on the quiet breast ;  
“ Meet emblems of the early dead ;  
“ Fit offerings for their place of rest.  
“ Let none remove those fragrant things—  
“ Affection's votive offerings—  
“ From the pale clay ; there let them fade ;  
“ And when within the grave they're laid,  
“ Memory shall oft the lost restore,  
“ And paint him as he look'd before  
“ With the sweet garland round his brow  
“ And his lip wreath'd in smiles.  
“ Thus shall the mourning mother borrow  
“ A pleasant thought to soothe her sorrow,  
“ And deem her child was fitly dress'd  
“ To seek the presence of the bless'd.

“ And join the angel-band !”

The Fay

Thus said, then sadly turn'd away  
And, with a drooping heart and wing,  
Resum'd again her wandering.  
And now she seeks a home of sin  
Which veileth mournful scenes within,  
Like stream whose sunlit surface hides  
The gloom that in its depth abides.  
There, in that dwelling's fatal walls,  
Virtue a martyr'd victim falls ;  
There Hope, “ the Heaven-born charmer” dies  
And peace, with trembling pinion, flies  
Far from the gloomy scene.

The Fairy pass'd the threshold's bound  
And gaz'd with timid wonder round ;  
Soft came the shaded beams of day  
Through casements drap'd in fabrics gay ;  
This flood of rosy-tinted light  
Fell over many an object bright,  
And, like the glow of sun-set skies,  
Bestow'd on all its own rich dies.  
There were the Sculptor's forms of grace,  
In whose fair shapes the eye might trace  
The cunning of a master hand,  
The power that genius' sons command ;  
And pictures whose rich colouring wore  
The light, the life that beameth o'er  
A living landscape—forms so fair,  
Features of loveliness so rare,  
And eyes that all so life-like beam'd,  
Shone from the canvass, that it seem'd



The artist must have won his power  
From source divine by some high spell,  
Or wander'd, in his dreaming hour,  
Where shapes of heaven-born beauty dwell.

The tenant of this gorgeous room  
Is a fair female, in the bloom  
Of life's rich Summer days :  
Oh sure if splendor's dazzl'ing rays  
Have power the human heart to cheer  
We'll find a fount of gladness here !  
But mark ye now the lone one's face,  
No sign of peace or joy you trace  
Within that mirror ;—it reveals  
But the sad weariness she feels.  
The burning tint upon her cheek  
Doth not health's rosy presence speak ;  
'Tis but the hue that art bestows,  
The counterfeit of nature's rose ;  
And the quick flashing of her eye  
Is not like joy's celestial beam,  
But lightning in a stormy sky,  
Whose lurid and terrific gleam  
Shows the dark clouds that linger near  
And wakens thoughts of gloom and tear.  
All ye who seek to read the heart  
And learn the secrets hidden there,  
Watch well the eye—deceptive part  
That never plays, but beameth pure  
If all be pure within—man may school  
His lying lip to smile by rule,  
Or his deceitful brow to wear  
The semblance of a joy not there,

But o'er this mirror of his soul  
He cannot hold such high control ;  
This spurns all power that would subdue  
And speaks in accents ever true !

And now, if we can read aright  
The language in those eyes so bright,  
How sad are its revealings !  
How much it tells of grief and gloom,  
Of buried hopes and blighted feelings  
And joys that never more can bloom.  
See, how intense and wild her gaze,  
As if some sight of dread amaze  
Woke horror in her soul ;  
How pales and glows her brow by turns ;  
How wilder still her eye-beam burns ;  
How heaves her breast with deep drawn sighs  
Like waves when angry winds arise ;  
How moves her pallid lip, as though  
It fain would breathe a wail of woe.  
What moves her thus ? those Roses fair  
So wildly scatter'd round her there ?  
Aye, they can well reveal the cause  
Of her sad brow and earnest gaze,  
For they have power to bid her pause  
In sin and guilt's unholy ways.  
She reads within those stainless things  
A moral lesson, pure and true,  
Which, to her darken'd spirit, brings  
Thoughts of a better, brighter hue.  
Visions of peace and hope and youth  
Pass o'er the mirror of her mind,  
Recalling friendships lit by truth

And loves all sinless and refined.  
Those flowers call back the blissful time  
When she was pure and fair as they,  
With form untouch'd, unstain'd by crime  
And spirit spotless as the day.  
Oh, bless the thoughts those Roses give,  
And bless the spells that in them live !  
Once more the erring wanderer strays  
'Mid the lov'd haunts of early days,  
Pure, happy, innocent again ;  
And free from every darkening stain.  
Once more she wanders o'er the wild  
A gay and guileless village child,  
Hunting, in every lone retreat,  
For Snow-drop fair or Violet sweet.  
Once more, oh, bliss above all other,  
She kneels beside her sainted mother,  
And breathes the sweet and solemn prayers  
She learn'd in childhood's happy hours.  
She feels her parent's holy kiss,  
She hears her gentle blessing given,  
Oh ! can there be on a Earth a bliss  
More pure, or more allied to Heaven ?  
But all too dear the vision grows,  
Too great the burden of delight ;  
The dreamer wakes to present woes,  
Awakes to feel the withering blight  
Of shame and error's deepest stain  
Enfold her like the captive's chain.  
But tears, such tears as long have been  
By those dark flashing eyes unshed,  
Now falling fast and free, proclaim  
That virtue's seeds are not *all* dead.

“ Hope for the lost ! high hope for one  
“ Who long hath been the child of sin ;  
“ One strain of memory's music tone  
“ May back to peace a wanderer win !  
“ There, let my precious flow'rets lie  
“ Long, long before her tearful eye :  
“ They wake repentance for the past  
“ And o'er the clouded future cast  
“ One ray of hope serene  
“ Perchance these simple things may be  
“ The heralds of a better day  
“ And by their holy ministry  
“ Lure back the lost to virtue's way.”

These words the wandering Fairy said  
As from the mournful scene she fled.  
But soon again her flight was stay'd  
Beneath a Churchyard's sombre shade.—  
Alas, it is a solemn sight,  
A graveyard in a city's bound,  
So silent, sad and desolate,  
While busy life is all around !  
It speaks so truly to the heart  
Of being's vain and empty show ;  
And seems to mock the fleeting part  
We play while here below.  
How hush'd and still the sleepers lie  
While countless footsteps hurry by !  
How calm and tranquil all appear  
While tumult, toil and strife are near !  
There sleep ambition's sons nor heed  
The efforts of a rival train  
Who hasten past to win the meed



They sought in life to gain.  
There rests the dreaming poet now,  
Who once had hop'd to deck his brow  
With Fame's unfading lays ;  
Now other minstrels win the race  
And make the lost one's burial place  
Echo with *their* proud lays.  
And there the slave of traffic lies ;  
In vain the golden chances rise,  
In vain the speculator's prize  
Is offered in the mart :—no more  
He has, as in life's scheming hour,  
The Alchemist's once fabled power.  
His crafty spirit sleeps the while  
His brother toiler's of the day  
Sweep by to bask in Fortune's smile  
And bear her spoils away !

The dead, the quiet dead should rest  
Far from the busy haunts of life,  
Far from all care and toil unblest,  
Far from all noise and strife.  
In some sweet spot, where Nature sheds  
A smile serene and fair,  
We e'er should make their lowly beds  
And lay the sleepers there.  
The smiling Sun or pensive Moon,  
Should be the only lights that shine  
In such a scene ; the soothing tune  
Of wild-bird's song divine,  
Or murmuring waters gentle lay  
The only music tones that play  
Around the solemn shrine.



There moaning winds, thro' leafy bowers,  
Would softly sigh to answering flowers  
And ceaseless requiems chaunt.  
And this were fitting sight to see,  
Sweet nature mourning o'er her dead,  
Like a fond mother's tearful eye  
Watching her offspring's bed.

Sadly the Fairy gaz'd around  
On marble tomb and grassy mound,  
And sigh'd to think of all the woe  
That many living hearts would know  
For those who slept so calm below !  
But peace again smil'd o'er her heart  
When she beheld a grave apart,  
So hallow'd by affection's light  
'Twas cheerful to the gazer's sight.  
The lowly bed was planted o'er  
With shrubs and flowers,  
So chosen that their own sweet lore,  
Their "mystic language" might disclose  
A touching tale—the pale white Rose  
Was there of sadness deep to tell,  
And Hyacinth, whose purple bell  
Is eloquent of sorrow ;  
And Violets of the azure hue,  
Which change not with the changing skies,  
And therefore are the emblems true  
Of faithfulness—Its fragrant sighs  
Sweet Rosemary breath'd around  
And, with its leaves of fadeless green,  
Spoke of remembrance ;—there was found  
The graceful locust too, which gave

A beauteous aspect to the scene,  
And told of love beyond the grave.  
These token flowers reveal'd that he  
Who slept below was unforget,  
That fond and faithful memory  
Would linger long around the spot,  
The sacred shrine which love had sought  
For the dear idol of his thought.

And, kneeling now on that low bed,  
The Fay beholds a woman fair,  
With cheek whose early bloom is fled  
And brow that wears the seal of care ;  
With eye whose dim and shadowy light  
Reveals a history of tears,  
And tells that grief's untimely blight  
Has fallen on life's Summer years.  
She's weaving now a blooming wreath,  
A garland of the Fairy's Roses,  
To grace and beautify the tomb  
Where her belov'd reposes.  
Mark, how the tide of woe is stay'd,  
And sorrow's gloomy shadows fade  
From her pale brow and mournful eyes  
The while her pleasant task she plies.  
The tear-drops pause upon her cheek  
And linger there, and gleam awhile  
As night's soft tears on mountain steep  
Gleam in the morning's smile.  
While bending o'er those bright-hued flowers  
And drinking in their sweet perfume,  
There comes a dream of happier hours  
To cheer the mourner's gloom.

Like phantoms rais'd by wizard spell,  
The vanish'd scenes of other days  
Arise, in all their earlier charms,  
Before her spirit gaze.  
Her sobs are hush'd, her tears are dried,  
Her heart hath cast its weight aside  
And, for a time, forgot its woe  
For loss of him who sleeps below.

“ Dream on, dream on poor widow'd heart ;  
“ And may such visions peace impart.  
“ Henceforth thou'lt tread life's daily round  
“ Like a lone pilgrim, who, in fear  
“ Wanders where gloomy sights abound  
“ And peril lurketh near.  
“ Henceforth each hope that dawns for thee  
“ Must have a cloud to dim its light,  
“ And every bud of joy you see  
“ Must wear the canker's hidden blight.  
“ Henceforth all music tones you hear  
“ Will ring with one discordant note,  
“ And o'er all prospects bright and dear  
“ One pall-like shadow still will float.  
“ The purest pleasures left for thee,  
“ Fond wife, are those of memory ;  
“ And they indeed are truly thine  
“ While thou art decking that sad shrine  
“ With my sweet flowers. Aye, strew them there,  
“ For they are offerings pure and fair  
“ And meet for such a scene. Emblems of thee,  
“ Sad one, these gentle flowers will be ;  
“ Lovely while perishing, and true  
“ To their pure lives, they'll yield a breath

“Of sweetness to the last—thus you  
“Will still love on ’til death.”

Thus spake, in pity's tenderest strain,  
The wanderer—then resum'd again  
Her weary search. And now, in fear  
And grief, she pauses near  
A gloomy prison. In its cells  
Many a wretched inmate dwells,  
Shut out from peace and hope's sweet ray,  
Shut out from honour's flowery way,  
Shut out from every pleasant sight  
And sound that wakens deep delight  
In the *free* heart—from the blue sky,  
The balmy air, the Sun's glad beams,  
The breathing flowers, the bounding streams,  
And all thy blessings, Liberty !  
Oh, Crime, it is a fearful thing  
And fearful penalties must bring ;  
For deepest woe and darkest shame,  
And blighted hopes and ruin'd name,  
And Earth's contempt and Heaven's wrath  
Must follow all who tread its path !  
Why will not wayward mortals learn  
The fatal wiles of sin to spurn,  
When, in all records of the past,  
They read the truth, that, first or last,  
The guilty meet a wretched doom ?  
The good, the pure alone can know  
The joys that in life's pathway bloom,  
The Heaven that even here below  
Can fill the heart, and waken there  
All its diviner powers.



To such the Earth is ever fair,  
To such its fields and flowers  
Still wear the hues of beauty bright,  
The radiant charm, the glorious light  
That shone on Eden's bowers ;  
And such, however low their lot,  
However circumscrib'd the spot  
They call their home, may walk the Earth,  
Proud in the consciousness of worth,  
And freely claim a kindred tie  
With the angelic host on high.

A strange, a sad and solemn sight  
Now meets the Fairy's gaze,  
It seemeth as if sudden night  
Had veil'd the noon-tide's blaze.  
Low, dark and gloomy are the walls,  
From whence the noisome moisture falls :  
A heap of straw the only bed  
For the unhappy captive spread ;  
A tatter'd garb his sole array  
To keep the chilling damps away ;  
His shrunken limbs, in fetters bound,  
Move not without a clanking sound  
That echoes dismally around.  
But e'en in this degraded state,  
He shows a lingering remnant yet  
Of feelings meet for happier fate.  
Crouch'd on the floor, just where a ray  
Of sickly sun-shine makes its way  
Thro' grating small, his fingers clasp,  
With energy's convulsive grasp,  
A few frail flowers. How they had found



Their way within the prison bound  
'Twere vain to tell ;—with kind intent,  
Perchance some friend of better days  
Had these sweet missionaries sent,  
Repentance for the past to raise ;  
Perchance that love, (it oft hath given  
Such token of its deathless powers)  
Had with a pity, born of Heaven,  
Thus sought to soothe the weary hours  
Of the lone wretch.—Needless to know  
How those fair flowers he gain'd,  
Be mine the pleasant task to show  
With what a holy power they reign'd  
O'er the sad heritor of shame.  
Long had he paced the prison floor  
And eyed the narrow boundery o'er  
With glance like lightning's flame,  
While thoughts of evil, dark and dire,  
Awoke his soul to vengeful ire,  
And curses deep and dreadful fell  
Like muttering thunders round the cell,  
Until it seem'd the gloomy lair  
Of some dark demon of despair.  
But now a sudden change is wrought  
In the fierce current of his thought ;  
Those flowers have touch'd the only chord  
Yet tuneful in his rugged breast  
And feeling's fount is strangely stirr'd,  
Like waters in the storm's unrest.  
That one pure spark which never dies  
E'en in the coldest, hardest hearts,  
Which gleams, like Stars in clouded skies,  
Thro' all the gloom that sin imparts,

Now wakes and brightens like the ray  
That herald's the approach of day.  
*The memory of a Mother's love !*  
How like a voice from worlds above  
It thrills the soul ! How long it dwells  
Shrin'd in the heart's most holy cells  
A sacred thing.—If darkening powers  
Have quench'd the light of earlier hours  
And bade all other pure thoughts fly,  
That purest feeling will not die,  
But lives and smiles 'mid blight and gloom  
Like wild flower near a ruin'd tomb.  
That feeling may be buried deep  
Beneath a load of sin and shame,  
And may for long, long seasons keep  
Hidden from all its holy flame,  
But it will wake in some lone hour  
And rule the soul with conquering power.

'Thus with the captive,—thick and fast  
As Stars steal out when day is past,  
Now gentle thoughts and memories steal,  
Upon his spirit, and reveal  
Glimpses of better things. How bright appears  
The vision of life's early years ;  
How purely to his spirit gaze  
Rises the well beloved form  
Of her who watch'd with love so warm  
His childhood's wayward days.  
Each token of her love for him,  
Her only son, her hope and pride,  
Her watching 'til the Stars grew dim,  
In nightly vigils by his side,

When pain oppress'd—her tireless care  
To teach him lessons good and true,  
Her oft repeated hope and prayer  
That he might virtue's path pursue ;  
All these fond memories cluster now  
Around the captives heart—their power  
Is like the Sun's reviving glow,  
In Spring's enchanted hour.  
“ Oh, God, and can it truly be  
“ A wretch so lost, so vile as me  
“ Could e'er have been so deeply bless'd  
“ With such a love ? Did that pure ray  
“ In truth illumine my childhood's day ?  
“ Ah, would to Heaven that Death's cold hand  
“ Had lain me in an early grave,  
“ E'er I had slighted one command  
“ That sainted mother gave !”  
These burning words the captive said,  
Then bent his form and bow'd his head  
And wept—aye, wept ! the man of crime,  
Freely as in life's holier time !  
Thus, he, whose spirit woe and pain  
And gloomy cell and galling chain  
Had fail'd to soften or subdue,  
Now melted to remorseful tears,  
To penitence sincere and true,  
Before those fairy flowers. And she  
Who came to bear them to her bower  
Wept too, with wondering joy, to see  
This last sweet token of their power.  
“ Ah, never more I'll fondly dream  
“ Or wish to claim my treasures fair,  
“ So dear to mortal homes they seem

“ ’Tis meet they spend their sweet lives there.  
“ They’re dear to all, the young and gay,  
“ The aged, in their wintry day,  
“ The happy, in their blissful mood,  
“ The sorrowing, when their griefs intrude ;  
“ Oh, let these beauteous products, then,  
“ Bloom ever round the haunts of men ;  
“ Let lowly cot and lordly hall  
“ And wide domain and garden small  
“ Receive the gentle guests ; and they,  
“ Henceforth shall rule with loftier sway ;  
“ For I am homeless now, my bower  
“ Is desolate, and I must dwell  
“ By turns with every beauteous flower  
“ That blooms around—a mystic spell,  
“ A high and holy charm shall be  
“ Their recompense who shelter me ;  
“ Round each and all this gift shall live  
“ E’en after they have ceas’d to give  
“ The wandering Fay a home.  
“ But ever, in fond memory  
“ Of my own chosen flowers,  
“ *Roses* of every hue shall own  
“ A spell of deeper powers ;  
“ The charm I give to them shall cast  
“ Its magic over every heart  
“ And hold sweet influence there, and last  
“ ’Til life itself depart ;  
“ And holy spirits, when they grieve  
“ O’er those who stray from virtue’s track,  
“ Shall bless the spells that *Roses* weave  
“ And choose them as their messengers  
“ To call the wanderers back.”



No more the Fairy spake—no more  
She mourn'd her lost ; her search was o'er,  
But not her wanderings, for she stray'd  
Where many flowret's bloom'd, and made  
Her home awhile with all. And still  
She roams Earth's garden-bowers at will,  
And nestles in Spring's opening Rose,  
Or flutters round the Tulip's bell,  
Or creeps, at evening's dewy close,  
Within the Lily's fragrant cell,  
And slumbers there, and dreams away  
The Summer night in visions gay ;  
And, when the morning smiles again,  
She leaves the bright-hue'd garden flowers  
And hies to lonely hill or plain  
To spend a few delicious hours  
Where the wild Honey-suckle's fling  
Their balmy sweets on zephyr's wing.  
When e'er a storm-cloud veils the sky  
Or threat'ning winds sweep rudely by  
She hastens to a safe retreat,  
The Violet's shelter'd home, and there  
Receives a welcome sweet  
And rests 'til Heaven again is fair.  
And, mindful of her promis'd spell,  
She bids a mystic beauty dwell  
Round every home she gains.  
All ye who nurture flowers, and feel  
Their soothing influence o'er ye steal  
With a mysterious sway, be sure  
The wandering Fay hath sojourn'd there  
Amid your fragrant treasures, where  
Her charm e'en yet endures.



And ye who roam o'er daisied ground  
While Spring or Summer smiles around,  
And feel a bliss words may not tell,  
Know that the Fairy's magic spell  
Is deepest in such place and time,  
And wakes that sense of joy sublime.  
Know, too, that a mysterious tie,  
A lofty bond of sympathy,  
Unites your spirits to the Fay,  
And this is why her charm can sway  
So potently your souls, for yet,  
No matter where her footsteps roam,  
She turns with memory's fond regret  
To her *first* beauteous home,  
And often pines, but pines in vain,  
Another one so dear to gain.  
Thus mortals, whatsoe'er their lot,  
Turn ever to the sacred spot,  
The first dear home that gave them birth  
And deem it brightest of the Earth,  
And sigh that life no more can wear  
The blissful hues that deck'd it there.

And now my pleasant task were done,  
Save that there comes a thought of one  
Who truly said "they write in vain  
Who weave no moral with their strain ;"  
And mine were little worth indeed  
If wanting this.—To those who read  
This simple tale, then, let me say,  
Cherish and love the lowly things  
That form the burden of my lay ;  
For their sweet lives, tho' brief as bright,

Are ruled by that same power Divine  
Who bids each glorious world of light  
In its appointed orbit shine ;  
And not more wonderful to the soul  
Are the bright worlds that o'er us roll  
Unchang'd by time, than the frail flower  
Whose life is compass'd by an hour ;  
Each speaks the same high language ;—each  
The same ennobling lessons teach ;  
Each leads our thoughts and hopes above,  
Each wakes our reverence and our love  
For the Supreme—the “ Great First Cause,”  
Who rules with such unerring laws.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

BY B. J. LOSSING.

Beneath a Rose-bush, slumbering lay  
A seraph bright, from Flora's bower,—  
'Twas he, who, at the close of day  
Sprinkles with dew each fragrant flower,  
He 'woke, and on the Rose-bush smiled,  
And with a voice that breath'd of Heaven,  
Thus spake—"Thou art my loveliest child,  
A favor ask, and 'twill be given."  
"Adorn me with a lovelier charm"—  
The spirit of the Rose-bush pray'd,  
The angel, stretching forth his arm,  
In simple *Moss* the flower array'd!  
It stood, the loveliest of its kind,  
A sweet *Moss Rose* in simple dress;  
Bright emblem of a modest mind  
Adorn'd with nature's loveliness.  
Thus, dearest sister, lay aside,  
The gaudy ornaments of Art—  
Let modest Worth be all thy pride,—  
Let Virtue decorate thy heart.

NEW YORK, 1846.

T O \* \* \* \* \*

Fair one ! take this Rose, and wreath it  
In thy braided hair :  
A brighter bloom will rest beneath it,  
Take this Rose my fair !  
The flower which late was seen to glow,  
So lovely on that snowy brow,  
Lov'd thy lip, and lightly shed  
A dewy leaf of rosy red,  
To blush for ever there.

Take this Lily love, and twine it  
With thy waving hair :  
'Twill gem the ringlets, why decline it ?  
Take the flower my fair !  
And yet its leaflets, pure and pale  
In beauty on thy brow will fail :  
That brow attracts all eyes to thee,  
And none will choose, or chance to see  
The Lily fading there.

A. A. P.







*Bengal Roses.*

## THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER STONE.

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing room. The rich satin curtains with their costly fringes swept down on either side of it, and around glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can afford to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked—its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint, peculiar to its kind, its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh, when did man ever make anything like the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, lay what seemed, the living counterpart of that so lovely a flower. That cheek so pale, so spiritual, the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the long, downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth, so sorrowful yet so subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

“Florence,—Florence!” echoed a merry and musical voice in a sweet impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seemed like a thousand smiles at once. “Come Florence, I



say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal,—come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus abjured—obeyed, and looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of sad music.

"I say, cousin," said the 'darke ladye,' "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose, when you go to New-York—as to our great consternation you are going to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatterbrain as I am. I do love flowers, that's a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing that is necessary to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile. "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favourite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like, of all things, to give it to her, you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens? How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—

dressing dolls for poor children, making caps, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our house than ever you have in Chesnut-street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want of flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you never noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table, with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what besides."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook, as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick side-walk, or a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental; besides, I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephen's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! when one gives to poor people one

wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham, for example.”

“Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasure or gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on the things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Mary felt when I offered them my Rose.”

“Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of taste!”

“Then why do you see so often the Geranium or Rose carefully nursed in an old cracked tea-pot in the poorest room, or the Morning Glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washerwoman sat up a whole night after a hard day’s work, that she might make her first baby a pretty little dress to be baptized in.”

“Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it.”

“Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have thanked me more, if I had sent her a barrel of flour.”

“Well, I never before thought of giving to the poor anything but



what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that, when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father gave to us as we often give, we should have only coarse shapeless piles of provision, lying about the world, instead of all the beautiful variety of trees, fruits, and flowers which now delight us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once; even go on your own way:" and the little lady began practizing a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

## PART II.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale sickly looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the Rose-tree in it.

"Oh see! Mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the Rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a colour for months.

"God bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so, mother; don't it

make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a Rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it!" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the Rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary: "well, then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do; no, though it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there, it's right;" and Mary walked round the room to view the Rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Stephens sighing.

What a bright afternoon that small gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's tongue and fingers flew the livelong day, and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she supped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That Rose! its sweet influence died not with that first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching,

tending, and cherishing of that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow, notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiringly on their favourite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift, that there was twined around it an invisible thread, that reached far as brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early Spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the Rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have any thing pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speaks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."



“Is she here now? is she in this city?” said the gentleman eagerly.

“No, she left some months ago,” said the widow, but noticing the sudden shade of disappointment on his face she added, “but you can find all about her by inquiring at her aunt Mrs. Carlisle’s, No. 10,———street.”

As the result of all this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, but once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation, and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea closed forever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers need any help in finishing this story for themselves? of course not.

## THE ROSE.

Why, what a history is in the Rose!  
A history beyond all other flowers;  
But never more, in garden or in grove,  
Will the white queen reign paramount again.  
She must content her with remembered things,  
When her pale leaves were badge for knight and earl;  
Pledge of a loyalty which was as pure,  
As free from stain, as those white depths her leaves  
Unfolded to the earliest breath of June.

L. E. L.



## THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young Rose I give thee, so dew'y and bright,  
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,  
Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,  
And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young Rose, and let her life be  
Prolonged by the breath she will borrow from thee;  
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,  
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.



## ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the Desert! thou, whose blushing ray,  
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away;  
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh,—  
In vestal silence left to live and die,—  
Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,  
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!  
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom;  
Culled ere thy beauty lives through half its day;  
A moment cherished, and then cast away;  
Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—  
Worshipped, while blooming—when she fades, forgot.

## THE ROSE OF MAY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'Ah, there's the Lily, marble pale,  
The bonny Broom, the Cistus frail,  
The rich Sweet-pea, the Iris blue,  
The Larkspur with its peacock hue ;  
Each one is fair yet hold I will  
That the Rose of May is fairer still.

'Tis grand 'neath palace walls to grow ;  
To blaze where lords and ladies go ;  
To hang o'er marble founts, and shine  
In modern gardens trim and fine ;—  
But the Rose of May is only seen  
Where the great of other days have been.

The house is mouldering stone by stone ;  
The garden-walks are overgrown ;  
The flowers are low ; the weeds are high ;  
The fountain stream is choked and dry ;  
The dial-stone with Moss is green  
Where'er the Rose of May is seen.

The Rose of May its pride displayed  
Along the old stone balustrade ;

And ancient ladies, quaintly slight,  
In its pink blossoms took delight,  
And on the steps would make a stand,  
To scent its sweetness, fan in hand.

Long have been dead those ladies gay ;  
Their very heirs have passed away ;  
And their old portraits, prim and tall,  
Are mouldering in the mouldering hall ;  
The terrace and the balustrade  
Lie broken, weedy and decayed.

But, lithe and tall, the Rose of May  
Shoots upward through the ruin gray,  
With scented flower, and leaf pale green,  
Such Rose as it hath ever been ;  
Left like a noble deed, to grace  
The memory of an ancient race.

What exact species of Rose this is I do not know ; it appears not to be approved of in modern gardens ; at least, if it be, it is so much altered by cultivation as to have lost much of its primitive character. I saw it in three different situations in Nottinghamshire. In the small remains of gardens and old labyrinthine shrubbery at Awthorpe Hall,—which, when we were there, had just been taken down,—the residence of the good Col. John Hutchinson, and his sweet wife Lucy ;—in the very gardens which, as she relates in his life, he laid out, and took so much pleasure in. It was growing, also, with tall shoots and abundance of flowers, in the most forlorn of gardens, at an old place called Burton Grange, a house so desolate and deserted as to have gained, from a poetical friend of ours, the appropriate name of the Dead House. It was a dreary and most lonesome place ; the very bricks of which it was built were

bleached by long exposure to wind and weather;—there seemed no life within or about it. Every trace of furniture and wainscot was gone from its interior, and its principal rooms were the depositories of old ploughs and disused ladders; yet still its roof, floors and windows were in decent repair. It had once upon a time been a well conditioned house; had been moated, and its garden-wall had been terminated by stately stone pillars surmounted by well-cut urns, one of which, at the time we were there, lay overgrown with grass in the ground beneath; the other, after a similar fall, had been replaced, but with the wrong end uppermost. To add still more to its lonesomeness, thick, wild woods encompassed it on three sides, whence, of an evening, and often too in the course of the day, came the voices of owls and other gloomy wood-creatures.

“There’s not a flower in the garden,”—said a woman who, with her husband and child, we found to our astonishment, inhabiting what had once been the scullery,—“not a flower but Feverfew and the Rose of May, and you’ll not think it worth getting.” She was mistaken; I was delighted to find this sweet and favourite Rose in so ruinous a situation.

Again, we found it in the gardens of Annesley Hall, that most poetical of old mansions; and the ancient housekeeper, at that time its sole inhabitant, pointed out this flower with a particular emphasis. “And here’s the Rose of May,” said she, drawing out a slender spray from a tangle of Jessamine that hung about the stone-work of the terrace; “a main pretty thing, though there’s little store set by it now-a-days.”

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

COWPER.

The nymph must lose her female friend,  
If more admir'd than she—  
But where will fierce contention end,  
If flowers can disagree ?

Within the garden's peaceful scene  
Appeared two lovely foes  
Aspiring to the rank of queen  
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,  
And swelling with disdain,  
Appeal'd to many a Poet's page  
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,  
A fair imperial flower ;  
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,  
The sceptre of her power.



This civil bickering and debate  
The goddess chanced to hear,  
And flew to save, ere yet too late,  
The pride of the parterre.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,  
And yours the statelier mein ;  
And, till a third surpasses you,  
Let each be deemed a queen.

Thus, sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks  
The fairest British fair :  
The seat of empire is her cheeks,  
They reign united there.

## THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

Being weary of love,  
I flew to the grove,  
And chose me a tree of the fairest ;  
Saying, " Pretty Rose-tree  
Thou my mistress shalt be,  
And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.  
For the hearts of this world are hollow,  
And fickle the smiles we follow ;  
And 'tis sweet when all  
Their witch'ries pall,  
To have a pure love to fly to ;  
So my pretty Rose-tree,  
Thou my mistress shalt be,  
And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue  
Of thy cheek through the dew  
Of morning is bashfully peeping,  
" Sweet tears," I shall say  
(As I brush them away),  
" At least there's no art in this weeping."  
Although thou should'st die to-morrow,  
'Twill not be from pain or sorrow ;  
And the thorns of thy stem  
Are not like them  
With which men wound each other ;  
So my pretty Rose-tree,  
Thou my mistress shalt be,  
And I'll ne'er sigh again to another.

## THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH

When stirring bud and songful bird  
    Brought gladness to the Earth,  
And spring-time voices first were heard  
    In low, sweet sounds of mirth ;

A little child, with pleasant eyes,  
    Reclined in tranquil thought,  
And, half communing with the skies,  
    His pretty fancies wrought.

He turn'd where cased in robes of green  
    A Rose-bud met his eye—  
And one faint streak the leaves between,  
    Rich in its crimson dye.

The warm light gathereth in the sky--  
    The bland air stirreth round—  
And yet the child is lingering by,  
    Half kneeling on the ground :

For broader grew that crimson streak,  
Back folds the leaf of green—  
And he in wonder still and meek  
Watched all its opening sheen.

“ ’Tis done, ’tis done !” at length he cried,  
With glad amazement wild—  
The Rose, in new created pride,  
Had open’d for the child.

Oh ! had we hearts like thine, sweet boy,  
To watch Creative Power  
We too should thrill with kindred joy  
At every opening flower.







*Tulips.*



## THE TULIP.\*

BY B. J. LOSSING.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race  
A form more perfect can display ;  
Art could not fain more simple grace  
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue  
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,  
The Tulip's petals shine in dew,  
All beautiful, but none alike.

MONTGOMERY.

Tulips! Twolips! what a delightful theme! Beauty, grace, passion, the purest offerings of the heart, the holiest memories, all bud and blossom in the mind by the Creative Power of the sweet name of Tulips—delicious, blooming Twolips. Who does not admire Tulips, aye, who that has a heart to love, does not at times most fervently worship Twolips.

\* The Tulip belongs to the Liliacæ family, containing about a dozen species, mostly natives of the Levant, or adjoining countries of Asia. Their roots are bulbous—leaves, few in number and disposed about the base of the stem—the latter simple and usually terminated by a solitary flower. The calyx is wanting—the corolla composed of six petals, and the stamens six in number. The most noted species is the common garden Tulip, (*T. gesneriana*) which was first introduced into European gardens by Conrad Gesner, who, in 1559 discovered it in the garden of an amateur at Augsburg. He had received it from Constantinople as a present from a friend.

Far back amid the flitting shadows of grey antiquity, and even in the dim twilight of the morning of creation, may we perceive the graceful form of these flowers, the fairest smiles of the HOLY ONE made tangible to mortal vision. And when, in the Garden of the Lord, our primal Ancestor awoke from his "deep sleep," the first objects that greeted his wondering eyes, were lovely Twolips, blooming upon a stem of inexpressible grace, while from the petals came perfumes so audible to the ear and heart of this initial mortal, that ecstasy filled his soul, and bright, prophetic visions of on-coming generations of humanity spread out like a halo of glory around him. And when the first Bride "walked in the Garden" or reclined beside the bubbling sources of Pison, and Gihon, and Hiddekel and Euphrates, sweet Tulips bloomed in her path, or stood sentinels around her couch, for in that Paradise was "every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the Earth."

Upon the drenched summit of Arrarat, amid the Olive-trees upon its margin, and the Citron and Pomegranate of the plain below, where rested the spring of the Bow of Promise, Tulips bloomed in all their wondrous beauty.

"And sure more lovely to behold  
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,  
Than crimson fading into gold  
In streaks of fairest symmetry."

LANGHORN.

A few generations, and the whole region to Iran was redolent with Twolips, from whence, the adventurous children of the navigator-prophet transplanted them in the soil of "barbaric Ind,"—the "clime of the South, the land of the Sun," and the Western domain on the border of the "Sea of Tarshish," the

———"land of the Cedar and Vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine."



The descendants of Prince Shem, conveyed them to the Indus,—of Duke Ham, to the Nilotic Valley,—and of Earl Japhet, to the Peloponnesees. There they respectively flourished, and in due time, the gentle and ever varying breezes of adventure wafted a fruitful seed to every Island and Continent of the “habitable globe.” But only within the great girdles of the temperate zones do they flourish in all their vigor and beauty, for the tropical and frozen regions are incongenial to their growth.

Among the Orientals, where flowers constitute a language for the communication of hearts, the Tulip is employed as the emblem by which a lover makes a *declaration of love*. In our written language, the same word in different relations, expresses different ideas. So with Tulips. The rich, variegated flower, glowing with carnation, and humed with dew, is received as a declaration of love,—

“Forever thine, whate’er this world betide,  
In youth, and age, thine own, forever thine.”

A. A. WATTS.

while the Yellow Tulip is an emblem of *hopeless love*—of love unrequited—of love, conscious of no sympathizing response, and whose plaint is—

“He comes not—sends not—faithless one !  
It is no dream—and I am desolate.”

BYRON.

Nor are the Orientals the only people who employ Twolips to make a declaration of love, or to express the complainings of unrequited passion. They can only claim pre-eminence because of priority of use ; for Twolips constitute a universal instrument in affairs of love. True, with us, the Rose and the Lily have wonderful influence in the vocabulary of passion, when beauty assumes to be interpreter and umpire, yet these fail to convey the heart’s whole meaning, and Twolips are summoned to join the embassy and give emphasis to the message.

The pale, white Lily fading upon its stem, is a fit symbol of hopeless love, and images the departed beauty and present desolation of the heart,—yet the Lily is inadequate to the task of revelation, and yellow Twolips, with their sad, sallow petals, can alone convey the full expression of an unmated sentiment. There is something in the “sere and yellow leaf” of the *Tulipa sylvestris*, that tells of decay and approaching death, and hence it is that yellow Twolips form a universal emblem of hopeless love.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, a “Tulip mania” prevailed in Europe, some of the details of which seem quite incredible. On the first introduction of Tulips into Europe from Persia, via the Levant, they became special favorites with gardeners, and in Holland, a mania for possessing rare kinds seized all classes of people. This mania was based not upon a taste for the flowers, but upon gambling speculations, such as prevailed to some extent in this country a few years ago with *morus multicaulis*. *Semper Augustus* was the name given to the finest variety, and \$2,000, a new carriage, a pair of horses and harness, were given for a single bulb of this kind; and it is said that during the height of this mania, engagements to the amount of \$25,000 were made for a single root of a particular sort. It is related that one man, possessing a yearly income of \$50,000 was reduced to beggary in the space of *four months*, by purchasing these flowers! The city of Harlaem alone derived a revenue of fifty millions of dollars in the space of three years, from this floral gambling. During these operations, the cultivation of Tulips became an absorbing thought with florists, and the species were greatly multiplied. Count Pappenheim boasted at one time that his garden contained five thousand varieties.

A great fondness for Tulips still prevails in Holland. Upwards of three thousand dollars were lately paid by a florist of Amsterdam, for the bulb of a new species called “The Citadel of Antwerp.”

In all ages of the world, a Twolip mania has prevailed, under the influence of which men have made the most costly sacrifices of

health, reputation and wealth ; yet, the lesson of experience, taught to one generation, have failed to affect the next, and the mania still prevails in all its force. It was this mania—this influence of Twolips, that lost Adam his possession of earthly immortality, and expelled him from Eden ; and the strong desire for the possession of Twolips has left its memorials upon almost every page of past history ; some, brilliant with heroic deeds of physical strength and mental powers, and others tarnished with vulgar aims and unhallowed measures. In truth, this mania, so prevalent and so controlling, may be considered an important part of human organism ; and an analysis will clearly demonstrate that almost every achievement recorded by the historian, had its incipient germ, if not its budding flower and full ripe fruit, formed and fostered by a passion for Twolips. Speculate as we may upon the autocracy of Despots—the strong governmental arm of Generals—the will of Republican majorities—or the more quiet, yet equally potent sway of a priesthood :—regard them as we may, as the tangible instruments in the government of the race—or the rulers upon the thrones of Empires—we are forced to acknowledge that there is a “power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself” and that power is blooming Twolips—**THE WORLD IS GOVERNED BY TWOLIPS.**

ON PLANTING A TULIP ROOT.

Here lies a bulb, the child of Earth,  
Buried alive beneath the clod,  
Ere long to Spring, by second birth,  
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power  
Might through its swadling folds descry  
The infant image of the flower,  
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,  
'Till from its dark abode it peep,  
Like Venus rising from her shell,  
Amid'st the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,  
Then, on a smooth elastic stem,  
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,  
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race  
A form more perfect can display ;  
Art could not feign more simple grace ;  
Nor Nature take a line away.



Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,  
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,  
The Tulip's petals shine in dew,  
All beautiful—but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe  
To lay their glories at its foot ;  
And Queen's their sceptre, crown and globe,  
Exchange for blossom, stalk and root.

Here could I stand and moralize ;  
Lady, I leave that part to thee ;  
Be thy next birth in Paradise,  
Thy life to come eternity !

J. M.

TO THE CACTUS SPECIOSISSIMUS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Who hung thy beauty on such rugged stalk,  
Thou glorious flower ?

Who pour'd the richest hues,  
In varying radiance, o'er thine ample brow,  
And like a mesh those tissued stamens laid  
Upon thy crimson lip ?—

Thou glorious flower !  
Methinks it were no sin to worship thee,  
Such passport hast thou from thy Maker's hand,  
To thrill the soul. Lone on thy leafless stem,  
Thou bid'st the queenly Rose with all her buds  
Do homage, and the green-house peerage bow  
Their rainbow coronets.

Hast thou no thought ?  
No intellectual life ? thou who can'st wake  
Man's heart to such communings ? no sweet word  
With which to answer him ? 'Twould almost seem  
That so much beauty needs must have a soul,  
And that such form, as tints, the gazer's dream,  
Held higher spirit than the common clod  
On which we tread.



*Morning Glory & Peony.*







Yet while we muse, a blight  
Steals o'er thee, and thy shrinking bosom shows  
The mournful symptoms of a wan disease.  
I will not stay to see thy beauties fade.  
Still must I bear away within my heart  
Thy lesson of our own mortality,  
The fearful withering of each blossom'd bough  
On which we lean, of every bud we fain,  
Would hide within our bosoms from the touch  
Of the destroyer.

So instruct us, Lord !  
Thou *Father* of the sunbeam and the soul,  
Even by the simple sermon of a flower,  
To cling to Thee.

## THE HYACINTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER

Emily complained of the length of winter.—For she loved flowers dearly, and had a small garden where she cultivated the most beautiful with her own hands. Therefore she longed for the departure of Winter and the approach of Spring.

One day her father said to her, “see, Emily, I have brought you a flower root. But you must cultivate it yourself with care.”

“How can I, dear father,” replied the girl.—“The fields are covered with snow, and the ground is as hard as a stone!”

Thus she spoke, and she knew not that flowers could be cultivated in vases, for she had never seen it. But her father gave her a small pot filled with earth, and Emily planted the flower root. And she looked at her father and smiled, as if she doubted his sincerity. For she thought that a clear blue sky must be spread over the flowers, and that the gentle breath of air must breathe around them, and did not dream that magnificence could flourish in her hands.

“For modest youthful simplicity knows not its own power.”

After a few days the earth rose in the vase, and green leaves came forth and appeared in the light—and Emily rejoiced and announced to her father and mother, and to the whole house the birth of the young plant.

“How little is necessary,” said the mother, “to give joy to the heart, as long as it remains true to Nature and simplicity.”

Emily moistened the young plant with water, and smiled on it with delight. The father observed her and said, “this is right my child! Sunshine must follow the rain and dew. The beam of the smiling eye gives value to every good deed that the hand performs. Your young plant will doubtless thrive Emily.”

Now the leaves came out of the earth, completely formed and shining with lovely green. And Emily’s joy was increased. “Oh,” said she with an overflowing heart, “I will be satisfied if it never blooms.” “Contented soul!” said the father. “It is just that more should be given you than you venture to hope for. Such is the reward of modest contentment.” And he shewed her the bud of the flower that lay concealed among the leaves.

Emily’s care and affection increased every day as the flower gradually unfolded. With her tender hands she sprinkled water upon it, inquiring whether it were enough or too much, and whether it might not possibly be too cold for the plant. Whenever the Sun looked through the window, she placed it with a light step, in its rays, like the gentle breeze of the morning that plays around the Rose. “Oh, sweet union of the tenderest love and innocence!” said the mother.

Emily’s flower occupied her latest thoughts at night, and her first thoughts in the morning. In her dreams she often saw her Hyacinth in full bloom, and when she discovered the next morning that it had not blown, and that she had been deceived, she seemed perfectly unconcerned, and said, smiling, “it may still come to pass.” Sometimes she asked her father in what colors the flower would be dressed. And when she had mentioned every shade, she would say in a cheerful tone, “it is all one to me, if it only blooms;” “Sweet fantasy” said the father, “how beautifully dost thou play around innocent love and youthful hope!”

At length the flower bloomed. Twelve bells had opened at the

dawn of morning. They hung suspended between five dark green leaves in the fulness of youthful beauty. Their color was red, like the reflection of the rising Sun in the delicate tinge of Emily's cheek. A balmy fragrance surrounded the flower. It was a serene March morning. Emily had never conceived such magnificence. Her joy was noiseless and without words. She kneeled before the flower and viewed it in silence. At this moment her father entered and looked at his beloved child and the blooming Hyacinth, and his heart was touched with emotion. "Behold" said he, "what the Hyacinth is to you, you are to us, Emily!"

Then the maiden sprang up and clasped her father in her arms, and after a long embrace, she whispered, "Oh, my father may I also bloom as beautifully as this flower."



## THE SPRIG OF WINTERGREEN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

It grew not in the golden clime  
Where painted birds, in bowers as gay,  
Their notes on Tropic breezes chime,  
While Nature keeps her holiday !  
'Neath Northern Stars its leaflets first  
Expanded to the wooing air,  
And, in the lonely wild-wood nurs'd,  
It learn'd the Northern blast to bear.

Transplanted from its simple home—  
By rocky dell or wind-swept hill—  
Like birds in stranger climes that roam,  
And keep their native wood-notes still—  
Still in its glossy verdure dress'd,  
It blooms, unchang'd with change of scene,  
An emblem on its wearer's breast  
Of Truth and Purity within.

## THE BLUE-BELL.

“ I would not be a floweret hung  
On high in mountain snows ;  
Nor o’er a castle wall be flung  
All stately though it rose :  
I’d breathe no sighs  
For cloudless skies,  
Nor perfumed Eastern gale,  
So I might be  
A Blue-bell free,  
In some low verdant vale.

“ For there the swains and maidens meet,  
With Summer sport and song,  
And Fairies lead with unseen feet  
Their moonlight dance along :  
Each tiny lip  
Would gladly sip  
The dew my cup enshrined,  
And next morn’s Bee  
Would drink from me  
The sweets they left behind.

“ The Laurel hath a loftier name,  
The Rose a brighter hue,

But Heaven and I'd be clad the same  
In fair and fadeless blue :  
No blood-stain'd chief  
Ere plucks this leaf,  
To make his wreath more gay !  
Though still its flower  
Decks village bower,  
And twines the shafts of May."

Sweet Florence ! may thy gentle breast  
As artless pleasures swell,  
As those thou deemest still to rest  
In thy beloved Blue-bell !  
And may'st thou feel,  
Though time shall steal  
Thy beauty's freshest hue,  
A bliss still shed  
Around thy head,—  
Unchang'd like Heaven's own blue !

R. T

F L O W E R S.

BY A. M. M.

Emblems of purity,  
Brightest of earth,  
Children of innocence,  
Blest was thy birth.

Eden's magnificence,  
Gems of the heath,  
Love's own interpreters,  
Poesy's wreath.

Charming and soothing  
The desolate heart,  
Peerless and beautiful  
Surely thou art.





*Flemish Pink.*



## FLOWERS AND FAIRIES.

BY KATE.

It was a midsummer's day in merrie England, the last tones of the village bell striking the hour of noon had ceased to echo in the dim green recesses of the forest, and all was still save nature's music, the low rippling of the streamlet as it glided on, here laying bare the root of some huge old tree, and anon sweeping by in its whirling eddies some broken flower, bearing it far away till its course was lost in the sunny meadows. The very birds had ceased to sing, save some solitary warbler, and sat in languid silence among the many branches ; but a step came bounding upon the green turf, and the birds opened their bright eyes, and peered down from their leafy canopy upon a fair-haired maiden who stood beneath the shadow of a spreading oak. A low warbling rang through the woods. They were discoursing in their own language.

Sweet Alice Grey ! fifteen summers had passed over her head, and yet the flowers and birds were dearer to her than all beside, and with some old volume of

“ Tales that have the rime of age  
And chronicles of Eld.”

she was wont to while time away in the green solitudes. The leafy branches swayed lovingly over her, as, reclining upon a mossy seat, she perused some marvellous tale of Fairy lore, and then she won-



dered if such another race inhabited the fair Earth, and gazing into the shadowy woods endeavoured to discover their haunts—the magic ring—never dreaming, O most innocent Alice! that while she looked for other beings, a youthful artist staid his ramble to sketch from the opposite bank the lovely picture before him. As thus she mused the soft air came to her laden with fragrance; gradually a strain of far away melody stole upon her ear, the brook went murmuring low and sweet at her feet, and Alice was asleep \* \* \* \* but she had changed her position and gone to the other side of the “huge oak tree,” for there the blossoms grew more luxuriantly. Sweet Violets, the pale Anemone, Wild Rose, and graceful Eglantine, were blooming around, enclosed within a ring of the misty brake, seeming with its long arms to encircle these gems of the forest; and as she looked upon their beauty again, the music came ringing wild and clear till the bright flowers themselves seemed to take up the chorus, and in small sweet voices sing praises to the gentle Sun and mild dews. Alice looked up. The setting Sun was casting a parting glory upon the tree tops, and when she looked again upon the greensward a tiny and beautiful form stood beside each blossom, while with one foot poised upon a Rose stood a being more beautiful than aught human, and the Fairies bowed their heads, when in silvery accents she spoke:—

“Fair mortal, we have watched you through the long Summer’s day when you have visited our presence, and we know your love for the young flowers. Have you never dreamed that the Fairies and flowers are one? and when they fade from the Earth for a season, we unseen spirits, hover around the pillow of the young and innocent, sending them sweet dreams of the future. We have each our mission, and to those we love best we grant our peculiar gift; but to you, O tender daughter of a human race, we give the choice.” She paused, and a hundred sweet voices repeated the chorus.

“I am the queen of beauty—my gift is the mantling blush upon



the maiden's cheek ; I can endow you with loveliness beyond all other mortals : shall I dwell with you ?”

“Ah, mine is the power of genius,” spoke a Fairy from beside the Iris, “who can withstand it? Beauty will fade, the cheek may pale, the bright eye grow dim, but I endure forever, and monarch’s bow before my spells.”

“I can give you an ear attuned to all harmony,” murmured a voice from the Lily Bell ; “ where other mortals listen for no sound, to you there will be sweetest music ; the low breeze that sweeps around you at eventide will whisper mournful melodies, and every breath of air be laden with unwritten music, wrapping the senses in Elysium.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

One by one the fairies spoke, and then each upon her flowery throne sat in silence ; one alone had been mute.

“And has the Violet no gift?” sighed Alice.

“The gift of the Violet is purity, modesty, and a gentle heart,” whispered a voice like the dying strain of an Æolian. Alice looked upon the flowers and hesitated: the gifts were written upon her heart, and each appealed, aided by the charm of imagination. Again she looked upon the Violet, and to her eyes it seemed fairer and brighter than its companions. She gathered and pressed it to her lips. “This is my choice,” she said as the air seemed more fragrant: the music rose with a richer swell, and the passing breeze, as it floated by, wafted the petals of the Rose toward her. \* \*

Alice awoke—it was evening—the night wind was sighing through the branches above her, and the flowers looked up pale and quiet in the clear starlight; but the fairies had passed away. Silently she gathered her mantle around her and stole away through the dim shadows.

And in the greenwood bower there wanders a gentle maiden with a chaplet of Violets wreathed in her sunny hair, a symbol of the purity within.

## THE MYRTLE.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Dark-green and gemmed with flowers of snow,  
With close uncrowded branches spread,  
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,  
A graceful Myrtle reared its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf,  
Seem'd in my contemplative mood,  
Like silent joy, or patient grief,  
The symbol of pure gratitude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree !  
Then pluck'd a sprig, and while I mused,  
With idle hands, unconsciously,  
The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours at my rude touch set free,  
Escaped from all their secret cells ;  
Quick life, I cried, is thine, fair tree !  
In thee a soul of fragrance dwells :

Which outrage, wrongs, nor wounds destroy  
But wake its sweetness from repose ;  
Ah ! could I thus Heaven's gifts employ,  
Worth seen, worth hidden thus disclose :

In health, with unpretending grace,  
In wealth, with meekness and with fear,  
Through every season wear one face,  
And be in truth what I appear.

Then should affliction's chastening rod  
Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart,  
Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,  
Out breathed like incense would depart.

The Captain of Salvation thus,  
When like a lamb to slaughter led,  
Was, by the Father's will, for us,  
Himself through suffering purified.

## THE WATER-LILY.

MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-queen !  
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene  
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave !  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head,  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm ? thus bearing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower.



Oh ! Love is most like thee,  
The love of woman ; quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast  
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And faith—Oh ! is not faith  
Like thee, too, Lily ? springing into light,  
Still buoyant, above the billow's might,  
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie !  
Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought.

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY GEORGE CROLY.

White bud, in meek beauty so dost lean  
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow,  
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,  
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,  
The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
To silent shades, and there sits offering  
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.



*Mallow.*







## THE SNOWDROP.

L. E. L.

Thou beautiful new comer,  
    With white and maiden brow ;  
Thou fairy gift from summer,  
    Why art thou blooming now ?  
This dim and shelter'd alley  
    Is dark with Winter green ;  
Not such as in the valley  
    At sweet springtime is seen.

The Linnetree's tender yellow,  
    The Aspen's silvery sheen,  
With mingling colours mellow  
    The universal green.  
Now solemn yews are bending  
    'Mid gloomy fires around ;  
And in long dark wreaths descending  
    The Ivy sweeps the ground.

No sweet companion pledges  
    Thy health as Dew-drops pass ;  
No Rose is on the hedges,  
    No Violet in the grass.

Thou art watching, and thou only,  
Above the Earth's snow tomb ;  
Thus lovely, and thus lonely  
I bless thee for thy bloom.

Though the singing rill be frozen  
While the wind forsakes the West  
Though the singing birds have chosen  
Some lone and silent rest ;  
Like thee, one sweet thought lingers  
In a heart else cold and dead,  
Though the Summer's flowers, and singers,  
And sunshine, long hath fled.

'Tis the love for long years cherish'd,  
Yet lingering, lorn, and lone ;  
Though its lovelier lights have perish'd,  
And its earlier hopes have flown.  
Though a weary world hath bound it,  
With many a heavy thrall ;  
And the cold and changed surround it.  
It blossometh o'er all.

## THE NIGHT-SHADE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Tread aside from my starry bloom !  
I am the nurse who feed the tomb  
    (The tomb, my child)  
    With dainties plied  
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild.

Trample not on a virgin flower !  
I am the maid of the midnight hour ;  
    I bear sweet sleep  
    To those who weep,  
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes !  
I am the worm that the weary prize,  
    The Nile's soft asp,  
    That they strive to grasp,  
And one that a queen has loved to clasp !

Pity me ! I am she whom man  
Hath hated since ever the world began ;  
    I sooth his brain,  
    In the night of pain,  
But at morning he waketh—and all is vain !

## COWSLIPS.

HOWITT.

Oh ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,  
When first the wild wood rings  
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,  
When fresh the green grass springs !

What can the blessed Spring restore  
More gladdening than your charms ?  
Bringing the memory once more  
Of lovely fields and farms !

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers ;  
Of life's unfolding prime ;  
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours ;  
Of souls without a crime.

Oh ! blessed, blessed do ye seem,  
For, even now, I turn'd,  
With soul athirst for wood and stream,  
From streets that glared and burn'd :



From the hot town, where mortal care  
His crowded fold doth pen ;  
Where stagnates the polluted air  
In many a sultry den.

And ye are here ! and ye are here !  
Drinking the dew-like wine,  
'Midst living gales, and waters clear,  
And Heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life  
Will quickly have run through,  
And the sward, with Summer children rife,  
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,  
I trust to see you rise,  
When Spring renews the wild wood strain,  
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many Springs  
Upon my grave shall shine,  
Here shall you speak of vanish'd things,  
To living hearts of mine.

## GOSSIP WITH A BOUQUET OF SPRING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Speak,—speak, sweet guests. Open your lips in words.  
'Tis my delight to talk with you, and fain  
I'd have an answer. I've been long convinc'd  
You understand me,—though you do not choose  
To wear your bright thoughts on your finger-tips  
For all to sport with.

Lily of the Vale,  
And you, meek Violet, with your eyes of blue,  
I call on you the first,—for well I know  
How prone our village maidens are, to hide  
Their clear good sense among the city folks,  
Unless well-urged and fortified to speak.

O purple Pansy, friend of earliest years,  
You're always welcome. Have you never heard  
From some old grandmother, in cushion'd chair  
Sitting at Autumn, of your ancestors,  
Who on the shelter'd margin of the Thames  
Flourish'd, more vigorous and more fair than you?

'Twas not the fond garrulity of age  
 That made her laud the past,—without respect  
 To verity,—for I remember well  
 How beautiful they were,—and with what pride  
 I us'd to pluck them, when my school was o'er,  
 And love to place them, rich with breathing sweets  
 Between my Bible leaves, and find them there,  
 Month after month, laying their foreheads close  
 To some undying hope.

### Bright Hyacinth

I'm glad you've brought your little ones. How snug  
 You wrap them in their hoods. But still I see  
 Their merry eyes and their plump cheeks peep out.  
 Ah! here's the baby in its blanket too :  
 You're a good mother sure. Don't be in haste  
 To take their mantels off. The morn is chill,  
 I'd rather see them one by one come forth,  
 Just when they please. A charming family !  
 And very happy you must doubtless be,  
 In their sweet promise, and your matron care.

Gay, graceful Tulip, did you learn in France  
 Your taste for dress ? and how to hold your head  
 So elegantly ? In the gale yestreen,  
 That o'er the parterre swept with sudden force,  
 I thought I saw you waltzing, and am sure  
 Those steps were taught in Paris. Have a care,  
 And do not be too exquisite with those  
 You call the dowdy flowers, because, my dear,  
 We live in a republic, where the strength  
 Comes from beneath, and many a change occurs  
 To lop the haughty, and to lift the low.

Good neighbour Cowslip,—I have seen the bee  
Whispering to you, and have been told he stays  
Quite long and late, amid your golden cells.  
It must be business that he comes upon,  
Matter of fact, he never wastes an hour.  
Know you that he's a subtle financier ?  
And rifles where he can ? and has the name  
Of taking usury ? So, have a care,  
And don't invest without good hope of gain.  
I would not be a slanderer,—but just give  
A little kind advice.

Narcissus pale,—

Had you a mother, child, who kept you close  
Over your needle, or your music books ?  
And never let you sweep a room, or make  
A pudding in the kitchen ? I'm afraid  
She shut you from the air and tanning Sun,  
To keep you delicate,—or let you draw  
Your corset lace too tight. I would you were  
As buxom as your cousin Daffodil,  
Who to the sharp wind turns her tawney cheek,  
Unshrinking, like a damsel taught to spin,  
And milk the cows, and knead the bread, and lead  
An useful life, her nerves by labor strung,  
To bear its duties and its burdens too.

Lilac of Persia, tell us some fine tale  
Of Eastern lands. We're fond of travellers.  
Have you no legend of some Sultan proud ?  
Or old fire-worshipper ? Not even a note  
Taken on your voyage ? Well, 'tis monstrous odd,  
That you should let so rare a chance slip by,



While those who never journey'd half as far  
 Make sundry volumes, and expect the world  
 To reverently peruse, and magnify  
 What it well knew before.

Most glorious Rose,  
 You are the queenly belle. On you, all eyes  
 Admiring turn. Doubtless, you might indite  
 Romances from your own remembrances.  
 They're all the fashion now, and fill the page  
 Of many a periodical. Wilt tell  
 None of your heart-adventures? Mighty cross  
 To hoard them all so secretly. Well! well!  
 I can detect the zephyr's stolen kiss,  
 In your red blush;—and what's the use to seal  
 Your lips so cunningly,—when all the world  
 Call you the flower of love.

And now, good bye,  
 A pleasant gossip have I had with you,  
 Obliging visitants,—but must away  
 To graver things. Still keep your incense fresh  
 And free to speak to Him, who tints your brows,  
 Bidding the brown mould and unsightly stem  
 Put forth such blaze of beauty, as translates  
 To dullest hearts, His dialect of love.

## THE VASE OF FLOWERS.

BY IANTHE.

Gay treasure-house of every sweet,  
Where loveliness and perfume meet ;  
Where beauty of each form and dye  
Wooes the young breeze with tresses flying,  
And pouring forth its bosom sigh,  
Is far more cherished for its sighing—  
Here the proud heart may lessons find  
Of lowliness and peace of mind ;  
May hear of fame and meekness met  
In the retiring Violet :  
Here flowers which court the warm Sun's rays,  
And die in its too ardent gaze,  
Whisper a moral, if we turn  
When Nature speaks, to hear and learn.  
Each bursting bud, each opening leaf  
Some emblem yields of joy or grief.  
How like the heart wherein are cast  
Bright hopes too fair and frail to last,  
Are all the fresh and fragrant flowers  
That blossom in this world of ours.  
They bloom to fade—but fade to bloom,  
While virtue will survive the tomb.





*Rose, Narcissus Cleander & Sweet smelling Pea.*





## FLOWERS.

Flowers, of all created things, are the most innocent and simple, and most superbly complex ; playthings for children, ornaments for the grave, and the companion of the cold corpse in the coffin. Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science ! Flowers, that of all perishing things are the most perishing ; yet of all earthly things, are the most heavenly ! Flowers, that unceasingly expand to Heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks ; partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow ; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes ; welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves ! Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression " God is love," is in the volume of Revelation.

What a dreary, desolate place would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome ! Are not flowers the Stars of Earth, and are not Stars the flowers of Heaven ? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures, for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty : for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from, and superior to, all selfishness, so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread, or from bread alone, and that he hath another than an animal life.

## WILD ORANGE GROVES.

Nothing can be more gladdening to the traveller, when passing through the uninhabited woods of East Florida, than the wild Orange groves which he sometimes meets with. As I approached them, the rich perfume of the blossoms, the golden hue of the fruits that hung on every twig, and lay scattered on the ground, and the deep green of the glossy leaves, never failed to produce the most pleasing effect on my mind. Not a branch has suffered from the pruning-knife, and the graceful form of the trees retains the elegance it received from nature. Raising their tops into the open air they allow the uppermost blossoms and fruits to receive the unbroken rays of the Sun, which one might be tempted to think are conveyed from flower to flower, and from fruit to fruit, so rich and balmy are all. The pulp of these fruits quenches your thirst at once, and the very air you breathe in such a place refreshes and re-invigorates you. Their occurrence is a sure indication of good land, which in the South-eastern portion of that country is rather scarce. The Seminole Indians and poorer squatters feed their horses on oranges, which these animals seem to eat with much relish. The immediate vicinity of a wild Orange grove is of some importance to the planters, who have the fruits collected and squeezed in a horse-mill. The juice is barreled and sent to different markets, being in request as an ingredient in cooling drinks. The straight young shoots are cut and shipped in bundles, to be used as walking-sticks.

## FLOWERS.

Ye are not silent, beautiful flowers !  
Children of Summer, of sunshine and showers !  
Gems of the Earth ! that sweet lessons impart  
In language which speaks, thro' the eye to the heart.

Youth ! to the maid of thy love, would'st thou speak ?  
Praise the glance of her eye and the bloom on her cheek ?  
Gather a Rose bud, 'twill surely convey  
All that thy heart, in fond language would say.

Thy faith, will the Violet surely disclose  
As it blends with thy gift of the young Summer Rose.  
If with hope, thy fond passion, the lov'd one will bless,  
The "Hawthorn" her feelings will sweetly express.

The Lily that's kiss'd by the morn's early gale,  
The emblem of purity, pride of the vale ;  
Instructs us as wither'd at evening it lies,  
That innocence slander'd, droops, withers and dies.

Thus, beautiful Nature ! these treasures of thine,  
Which, like gems on the bosom of Earth, brightly shine,  
Not only of love, do they silently tell  
But holier lessons in each of them dwell.

J. B. P.

## THE SUN FLOWER.

Eagle of flowers ! I see thee stand,  
And on the Sun's warm glassy gaze ;  
With eye like his, thy lids expand,  
And fringe their disk with golden rays :  
Though fixed on Earth, in darkness rooted there,  
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,  
Thy prospect Heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,  
Beyond the path where planets run,  
The light of immortality,  
The splendour of Creation's Sun ;  
Though sprung from Earth, and hastening to the tomb,  
In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,  
I look to Heaven.

M.



## TO THE HAREBELL.

Sweet flower! though many a ruthless storm  
Sweep fiercely o'er thy slender form,  
And many a sturdier plant may bow  
In death beneath the tempest's blow,  
Submissive thou, in pensive guise,  
Uninjur'd by each gale shalt rise,  
And, deck'd with innocence, remain  
The fairest tenant of the plain:  
So conscious of its lowly state,  
Trembles the heart assail'd by fate;  
Yet, when the freezing blast is o'er,  
Settles as tranquil as before;  
While the proud breast no peace shall find,  
No refuge for a troubled mind.

## THE CHINA STAR.

BY E. C. S.

'Twas late in Autumn—every trace of Summer,  
    Had faded from the landscape long ago !  
The half-froze streamlet, moved with slow, sad murmur—  
    The withered leaves were flying to and fro  
Before the dreary, shrill, unpitying blast ;  
And all the sky above with clouds were overcast !

I looked abroad—and o'er my senses stealing  
    A desolation like to Nature's came—  
A cold, forsaken, emptiness of feeling,  
    Which we can better understand than name !  
'Twas, as if all I loved, at once had fled—  
The birds, the fields, the flowers, were unto me as dead.

Towards my loved garden with sad footstep straying,  
    I turned to gaze, as on the face of death !  
An early snow to Earth each shrub was weighing,  
    And all looked blighted by the Autumn's breath ;  
Not all, for there, half-hid by covering pale,  
A China Star blushed, like bride beneath her veil.





*Purple Bengal Rose & China Star*





I shook the bush, and snow-flakes thickly flying,  
    A score of fresh and blooming flowers arose ;  
Like spirits, where the loved in death are lying,  
    Or, like such friends, as do outlive the snows  
Of sorrow's winter—friendship's flowers to weave,  
When those who seemed more fair, with fortune's summer leave.

I kissed the flowers—nor doth it need concealing,  
    Moistened their beauties from a melting eye ;  
For they had touched a fountain fast congealing,  
    Which in the secrets of the heart doth lie :  
Half the chill desolateness of Autumn fled—  
Joy warmed again my breast, and hope rose from the dead.

I've loved all flowers, aye, from my early childhood—  
    The garden-buds, that opened 'neath my care ;  
The thousand blossoms which enrich the wild wood,  
    And rarer plants, that grace the gay parterre :  
But most of all my love shall ever be,  
Sweet China Star—Autumn's "last, not least," on *thee* !

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,  
Wild Bramble of the brake !  
So, put thou forth thy small white Rose ;  
I love it for his sake.  
Though Woodbine's flaunt, and Roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;  
For dull the eye, the heart is dull  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are !  
How delicate thy gauzy full !  
How rich thy branchy stem !  
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them !  
While silent showers are falling slow,  
And mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush !

The Primrose to the grave is gone ;  
The Hawthorn flower is dead ;  
The Violet by the moss'd gray stone  
Hath laid her wearied head ;  
But thou Wild Bramble ! back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The first green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossomy hour.  
Scorn'd Bramble of the brake ! once more  
Thou bid'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.

## VIOLETS.

L. E. L.

Violets!—deep-blue Violets!  
April's loveliest coronets!  
There are no flowers grow in the vale,  
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—  
None by the dew of the twilight wet,  
So sweet as the deep-blue Violet;  
I do remember how sweet a breath  
Came with the azure light of a wreath  
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,  
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.  
I have seen that dear harp roll'd  
With gems of the East and bands of gold;  
But it never was sweeter than when set  
With leaves of the deep-blue Violet!  
And when the grave shall open for me,—  
I care not how soon that time may be,—  
Never a Rose shall grow on that tomb,  
It breaths too much of hope and of bloom;  
But there be that flower's meek regret,  
The bending and deep-blue Violet!













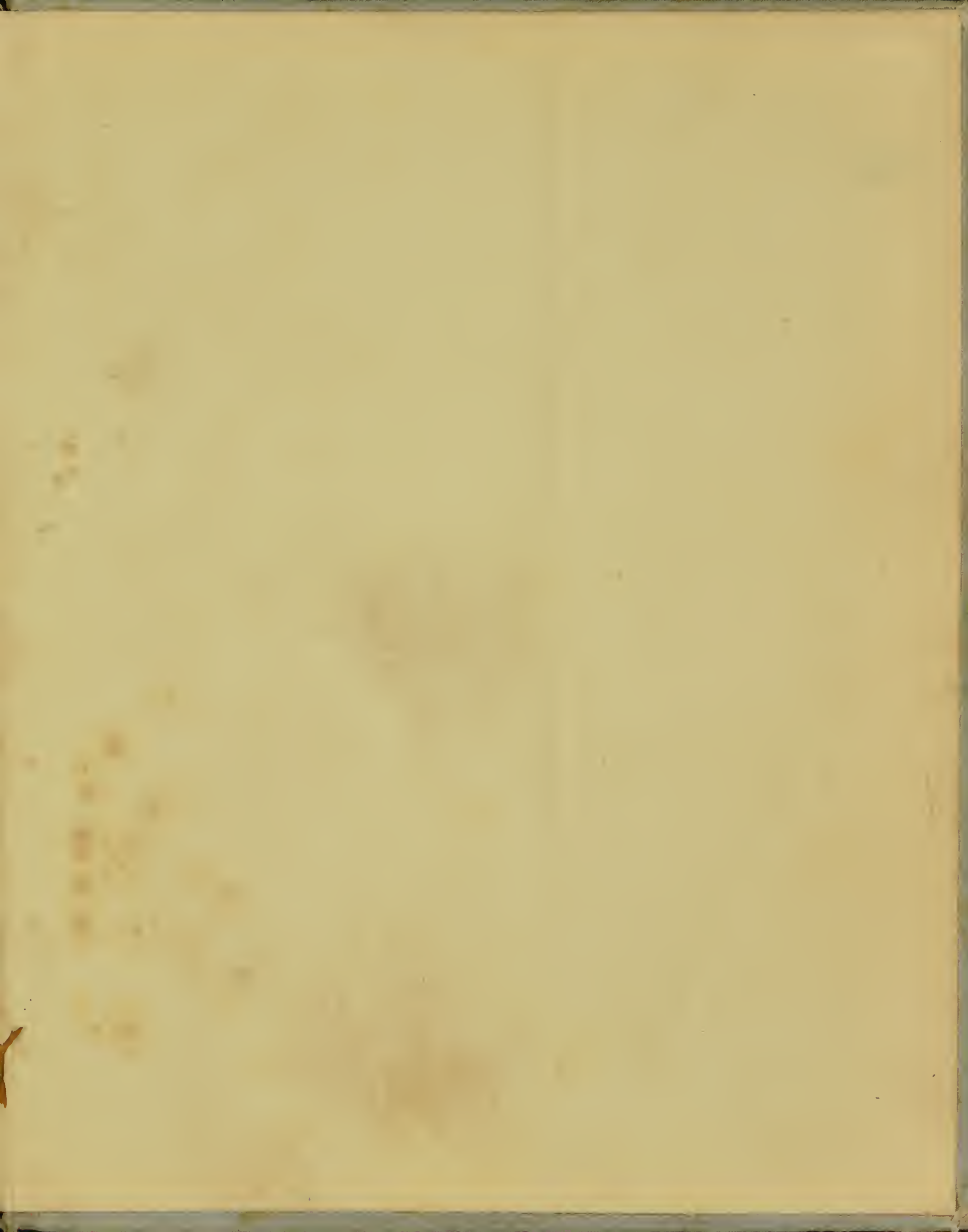














FLORA'S

GEM

